



MARIA.

Let us go together.



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12 *Stowe (Laurence) (Sentimental Journey)*

A
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY
MR. YORICK.

with an ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR's Life.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED SEVERAL PIECES
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Complete in four Volumes.

VOLUME the FIRST and SECOND.

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Vol. I.

A



**SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
MR. STERNE.**

LAURENCE STERNE was the son of an Irish officer, and born at Clonmel in the south of Ireland November 24th, 1713, a few days after his mother arrived from Dunkirk. His father, Roger Sterne, Lieutenant in Handaſſe's regiment in Ireland, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family. His great-grandfather was an Archbishop, and his uncle a Prebendary of our Cathedrals. Mr. Sterne, when yet a boy, had a wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt. In 1721, he was fixed at school near Halifax, where he

got an able master, with whom he staid till about the latter end of 1731, in which year his father died in the month of March. Here I cannot omit mentioning another anecdote of Mr. Sterne's, which happened to him at Halifax. His school-master had the cieling of the school-room new white-washed; the ladder remained there. Mr. Sterne, one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher whipped him. His master was very much hurt at this, and said before him, that never should that name be effaced; for he was a boy of genius, and he was sure he should come to preferment. This expression made the boy forget the stripes he had received. In the year 1732, his cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to our Author, and sent him to the university of Cambridge, where he spent the usual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the diversion of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, who had no harm in him, and who had parts if he would use them.

Upon leaving the university, he seated himself quietly in the lap of the church, at Sutton on the Forest of Galtrees, a small vicarage in Yorkshire, which he got by the means of his uncle. At York he became acquainted with his wife. He married her in the year 1741, and got by her his only daughter, who is known by the name of Lydia. Mr. Sterne and his uncle were then upon very good terms, for he soon got by him the Prebendary of York; but the uncle, being a party-man, quarrelled with him afterwards, because he would not write paragraphs in the news-papers, detesting such dirty work and thinking it beneath him. From that period his uncle became his bitterest enemy. By his wife's means he got the living of Stillington. A friend of her's in the south had promised her, that if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. He remained near twenty years at Sutton. As he had then very good health; books, painting, fiddling and shooting (as our Author expresses himself) were his favourite amusements.

In the year 1760, he took a house at York for his wife and daughter, and went up to London to publish his two first volumes of *Shandy* *). In that year Lord F—— presented him with the curacy of Coxwold, a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In 1762, he went to France, before the peace was concluded, whither his wife and daughter followed him. He left them both in France, and two years after he went to Italy for the recovery of his health. In his way home to England, he called upon them again in France, from whence they returned after him to England.

This is almost all we have learned from the account **) of Mr. Sterne himself. The rest we have gathered from the accounts of his friends.

When Mr. Sterne lived at Sutton, an occasion offered, which made him first feel himself, and to which, perhaps, we owe the origin of the history of *Tristram*.

*) The first edition was printed in the preceding year at York.

**) *Memoirs of the Life and Family of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne.*

There happened a dispute among some of the superiors of his order, in which Mr. Sterne's friend, one of the best men in the world, was concerned. A person, who filled a lucrative benefice, was not satisfied with enjoying it during his own lifetime, but exerted all his interest to have it entailed upon his wife and son after his decease. Mr. Sterne's friend, who expected the reversion of this living, had not, however, sufficient influence to prevent the success of his adversary. At this critical period, Mr. Sterne attacked the monopolizer in joke, and wrote "The history of a good warm watch-coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can also cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for his son."

What all the serious arguments in the world could not have effected, Sterne's satirical pen brought about. The intended monopolizer sent him word, that if he would suppress the publication of this sarcasm, he would resign his pretensions to the next candidate. The pamphlet was

suppressed, the reversion took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by the interest of his patron, with the prebendaryship of York *).

An incident, much about the same time, contributed exceedingly to establish the reputation of Mr. Sterne's wit. It was this: He was sitting in the coffee-house at York, when a stranger came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown, by descanting too freely upon religion and the hypocrisy of the clergy. The young fellow at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him, what were his sentiments upon the subject: when, instead of answering him directly, he told the witling, That 'his dog was reckoned one of the 'most beautiful pointers in the whole 'county, was very good-natured, but that 'he had an infernal trick, which destroyed 'all his good qualities. — He never sees a

*) This pamphlet the reader will find at the end of the fourth volume of the present book, under the title, *A political Romance addressed to — Esq. of York.*

‘clergyman,’ (continued Sterne) ‘but he immediately flies at him.’ ‘How long may he have had that trick, Sir?’—‘Ever since he was a puppy.’ The young man felt the keenness of the satire, turned upon his heel, and left Sterne to triumph.

At this time Mr. Sterne was possessed of some good livings, having enjoyed, so early as the year 1745, the vicarage of Sutton on the Forest of Galtres, where he usually performed divine service on Sunday mornings; and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he also assisted regularly, in his turn, at the cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament of the church, till his Rabelaisian spirit, which issued from the press, immersed him into the gayeties and frivolities of the World.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* made their appear-

ance *). They were printed at York, and proposed to the booksellers there at a very moderate price: those gentlemen, however, were such judges of their value, that they scarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world without any of the artifices, which are often practised to put off an edition. A large impression being almost instantaneously sold, the booksellers were roused from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchase the second edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne sold it for six hundred pounds, after being refused fifty pounds for the first impression and proprietorship.

The two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were now in every body's hands. All read, most approved, but few understood them. Those who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant satire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced *Tristram Shan-*

*) The first edition was printed in 1759, at York.

dy very clever. Even the reviewers recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the present race of novelists; adding, his characters were striking and singular, his observations shrewd and pertinent, and, making a few exceptions, that his humour was easy and genuine.

The publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was considered as the genius of the age. His company was equally courted by the great, the literati, the witty and the gay; and it was considered as a kind of honour to have passed an evening with the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Though some of the over-rigid clergy condemned this ludicrous performance, and judged it incompatible with that purity and morality, which should ever accompany the writings of the gentlemen of the gown; these censures were far from being universal, even among the clergy; and the acquaintance he made by this publication, were, in many respects, advantageous to him. Among others; the Earl Faulconberg so particularly patronized the Author of this

work, that, to testify his approbation, he presented Mr. Sterne with the rectory of Cawood, which was an agreeable and convenient addition to his other livings, being all in the neighbourhood of York.

His next publication consisted of two volumes of Sermons *), which the severest critics could not help applauding, for the purity and elegance of their style, and the excellence of their moral. The manner, in which they were ushered to public notice was, by some, severely condemn'd, whilst others lamented, that such excellent discourses should stand in need of such an introduction; and many were of opinion, that he had wrote Triffling Shandy purely to introduce them, as, in his preface to the sermons, he acquaints the reader, That "the sermon which gave
"rise to the publication of these, having
"been offered to the public as a sermon
"of Yorick's, he hoped the most serious
"reader would find nothing to offend him,

*) The first two volumes of Sermons were printed in 1760. The third and fourth volumes in 1766.

“in his continuing those two volumes
 “under the same title: Left it should be
 “otherwise, I have added a second title
 “page, with the real name of the au-
 “thor:— — —the first will serve the book-
 “seller’s purpose, as Yorick’s name is
 “possibly of the two the more known;— —
 “and the second will ease the minds of
 “those who see a jest, and the danger
 “which lurks under it, where no jest was
 “meant.”

When the third and fourth volumes of
 Tristram Shandy *) made their appearance,
 the public was not quite so eager in pur-
 chasing and applauding them, as they had
 been with respect to the first two volumes.
 The novelty of the style and manner no
 longer remained; his digressions were by
 many considered as tedious, and his as-
 terisks too obscure; nay, some invidious
 critics, who pretended to be able to point
 them out, insinuated, that they were too
 indelicate for the eye of chastity.

He had nevertheless a great number of
 admirers; and he was encouraged to

*) In 1761.

publish a fifth and sixth volume *). Their satire was still poignant, spirited, and, in general, extremely just. The characters, though somewhat overcharged, were lively, and in nature. He constantly caught the Ridiculous, wherever he found it; and he never failed to present it to his readers in the most agreeable point of light. His story of *Le Fevre* **) was highly finished, and truly pathetic; and would alone rescue his name from oblivion, if his sermons were not considered as some of the best moral discourses extant.

The seventh, eighth and ninth volumes ***) have not yet completed that work; so that what was said upon the publication of his first volumes, has been verified: "Mr. Shandy seems so extremely fond of digressions, and of giving his historical readers the slip upon all occasions, that we are not a little ap-

*) In 1762.

**) The reader will also meet with it at the end of the fourth volume of the present book.

***) The seventh and eighth volumes appeared in 1765, the ninth in 1767.

“prehenſive, he may, ſome time or other,
“give them the flip in good earneſt, and
“leave the work before the ſtory be fi-
“niſhed.”

In the above mentioned volumes, Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces ſome ſcenes and characters, which are afterwards taken up in the Sentimental Journey, particularly that of Maria; ſo that this may, in ſome meaſure, be conſidered as a continuation of the Life and Opinions of Trifſram Shandy.

It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, of a book ſo univerſally read as Shandy, that the ſtory of the hero's life is the leaſt part of the author's concern. It is, in reality, nothing more than a vehicle for ſatire on a great variety of ſubjects. Moſt of theſe ſatirical ſtrokes are introduced with little regard to any connexion, either with the principal ſtory or with each other. The author having no determined end in view, runs from object to object, as they happen to ſtrike a very lively and very irregular imagination. In fact, the book is a perpetual ſeries of diſappointments; yet with this and other blemiſhes, the Life

of Triftram Shandy has uncommon merit; and the freedom and sincerity of its author, perhaps, cannot be equalled by any other writer beside the incomparable Montaigne. The faults of an original work are always pardoned; and it is not surprising, that at a time, when a tame imitation makes almost the whole merit of so many books, so happy an attempt at novelty should have been so well received. His last work, however, may be considered as his greatest, since it contains a variety of agreeable pathetic descriptions, in an easy simple style, cleared from much of the obscurity and levity, which degrade the former volumes.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and, though he acquired some thousands by his productions, being a character very distant from an oeconomist, his savings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other support but the single vicarage of Sutton. Indeed, his travelling expences abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home,

greatly promoted the dissipation of a very considerable sum, which his writings had produced, and which might have been a future assistance to his family. This being the case, at his death, his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady about sixteen, who had both resided for some years in a convent in France, having separated from Mr. Sterne through some pique, which was differently accounted for by the parties, finding that their pensions must discontinue, returned to England, in order to publish his posthumous works. Being at York during the last races, some humane gentlemen, friends and admirers of the late Prebend, took into consideration their disagreeable situation, and made them a present of a purse containing a thousand pounds. This unexpected and generous supply, added to a very extensive subscription of the nobility and gentry to three additional volumes of sermons, has afforded a sufficient provision to enable them to support themselves in their late recluse manner of life, to which they have determined to return.

As Mr. Sterne hath drawn his own cha-

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character (under the name of Yorick) with great happiness and skill, we will take the liberty of introducing it here, the better to complete our account of the author and his works:

— — — “This is all that ever stagger’d
“my faith in regard to Yorick’s extrac-
“tion, who, by what I can remember
“of him, and by all the accounts I could
“ever get of him, seem’d not to have
“had one single drop of Danish blood in
“his whole crasis; in nine hundred years
“it might possibly have all run out. — — —
“I will not philosophise one moment with
“you about it; for, happen how it would,
“the fact was this: — — — That instead
“of that cold phlegm and exact regula-
“rity of sense and humours, you would
“have look’d for in one so extracted; — —
“he was, on the contrary, as mercurial
“and sublimated a composition, — — —
“as heteroclite a creature in all his de-
“clensions — — — with as much life and
“whim, and *gaieté de coeur* about him,
“as the kindest climate could have en-
“gendered and put together. With all
“this fail, poor Yorick carried not one

"ounce of ballast: he was utterly unprac-
 "tised in the world; and, at the age of
 "twenty-six, knew just about as well how
 "to steer his course in it, as a romping
 "unsuspicious girl of thirteen: So that,
 "upon his first setting out, the brisk gale
 "of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran
 "him foul, ten times in a day, of some-
 "body's tackling; and as the grave and
 "more slow-paced were ofteneft in his
 "way, — — — you may likewise ima-
 "gine, 'twas with such he generally had
 "the ill luck to get the most entangled.
 "For aught I know, there might be some
 "mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom
 "of such fracas — — For, to speak the
 "truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike
 "and opposition in his nature to gravi-
 "ty; — — — not to gravity as such — — —
 "for, where gravity was wanted, he
 "would be the most grave and serious of
 "mortal men for days and weeks toge-
 "ther; — — — but he was an enemy to
 "the affectation of it, and declared open
 "war against it, only as it appeared a
 "cloak for ignorance, or for folly; and
 "then, whenever it fell in his way, how-

“ever sheltered and protected, he self-
 “dom gave it much quarter.”

“Sometimes, in his wild way of talk-
 “ing, he would say, that gravity was
 “an arrant scoundrel; and he would
 “add, — — of the most dangerous kind
 “too, — — — because a fly one; and that
 “he verily believed, more honest, well-
 “meaning people were bubbled out of
 “their goods and money by it in one
 “twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking
 “and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked
 “temper which a merry heart discovered,
 “he would say, There was no danger — —
 “but to itself: — — — whereas the very
 “essence of gravity was design, and con-
 “sequently deceit; — — — it was a taught
 “trick to gain credit of the world for
 “more sense and knowledge than a man
 “was worth; and that, with all its pre-
 “tensions, — — — it was no better, but
 “often worse, than what a French wit
 “had long ago defined it — — — *viz.* A
 “mysterious carriage of the body, to co-
 “ver the defects of the mind: — — — which
 “definition of gravity, Yorick, with great
 “imprudence, would say, deserved to be
 “wrote in letters of gold.

"But, in plain truth, he was a man
 "unhackneyed and unpractised in the
 "world, and was altogether as indiscreet
 "and foolish on every other subject of
 "discourse, where policy is wont to im-
 "press restraint. Yorick had no impression
 "but one, and that was what arose from
 "the nature of the deed spoken of; which
 "impression he would usually translate
 "into plain English without any peri-
 "phrasis, — — — and too oft without
 "much distinction of either personage, time
 "or place; — — — so that when mention
 "was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous
 "proceeding, — — — he never gave him-
 "self a moment's time to reflect who
 "was the Hero of the piece — — what his
 "station — — — or how far he had power
 "to hurt him hereafter; — — but, if it
 "was a dirty action, — — — without more
 "ado, — — — the man was a dirty fel-
 "low — — — and so on: — — — And as
 "his comments had usually the ill fate to
 "be terminated either in a bon mot, or
 "to be enlivened throughout with some
 "drollery or humour of expression, it
 "gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In

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“a word, though he never fought, yet,
“at the same time, as he seldom shunn’d
“occasions of saying what came uppermost,
“and without much ceremony,——he
“had but too many temptations in life,
“of scattering his wit and his humour,
“—— his gibes and his jests about
“him.——They were not lost for want
“of gathering.”

At the end of the year 1767, Mr. Sterne left York, and came to London in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey* *), which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living of Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death, and with the concern of a good man, and the

*) Published at London in 1768, in two volumes. The third and fourth volumes were continued by his friend, under the name of Eugenius, since by the death of the Author we are deprived of his own continuation. The remainder of his works were also published after his death.

solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. After a short struggle with his disorder, his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-Street. He was buried privately in a new burying ground, belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-Square, at twelve o' clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His death was announced in the news-papers of March 22 d, 1768, by the following paragraph:

"Died at his lodgings in Bond-Street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne."

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well; a Fellow of infinite Jest, most excellent Fancy, etc.

Wit, Humour, Genius hadst thou, all agree;

One grain of *WISDOM* had been worth the

THREE!

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To the AUTHOR of the above Lines, on
the Death of Mr. YORICK.

So! --- this is Wisdom—to insult the Dead;
Heap fancied Crimes upon a mortal's Head:
Well—be it so:—such Wisdom—and such Art
Shall never—never shall approach my Heart.
Whatever Yorick's Lot, in whate'er State,
I'd gladly risk it in the Hour of Fate,
Sooner than join with thee!—I would say rather
Unto Corruption—Thou shalt be my Father.
“*) Be thine the avenging Angel's Lot, decreed
“To point each fault, and aggravate each Deed:
“Angel of Mercy!—thy sweet Task be mine
“To blot them, ere they reach the Throne divine!

Yorick, farewell! Peace dwell around thy Stone
Accept this Tribute from a Friend unknown.
In human Breasts, while Pity has a Claim,
Le Fevre's Story shall enhance thy Fame;
Toby's Benevolence each Heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess the Master's Hand.
“†) One generous Tear unto the Monk you gave:
“Oh let me weed this Nettle from thy Grave!

*) Vide Tristram Shandy.

†) See Sentimental Journey.

An EPITAPH for the REV. LAURENCE
STERNE's Tombstone. By a LADY.

STERNE, rest for ever, and no longer fear
The Critick's censure, or the Coxcomb's sneer.
The gate of Envy now is clos'd on thee,
And Fame her hundred doors shall open free:
Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
Where friendly join the Satirist and Sage:
O'er Yorick's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep,
And British Genius mournful vigils keep;
Then, fighting, say, to vindicate thy fame,
"Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame."

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In Memory of Mr. STERNE, author of THE
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

WITH wit, and genuine humour, to dispel,
From the desponding bosom, gloomy care,
And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
Of hapless love or filial grief, to flow
From the full sympathising heart, were thine,
These powers, Oh Sterne! but now thy fate demands
No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd head
Proclaiming honour where no virtue shone,
But the sad tribute of a heart-felt sigh:
What tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of friendship is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the close of day,
Shall chaunt her plaintive vespers at thy grave
Thy shade too, gentle Monk, mid awful night
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For'erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The sod, which rested on thy aged breast.



A
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY
MR. YORICK.

VOL. I.



SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
THROUGH
FRANCE AND ITALY.

—**THEY** order, said I, this matter better in France —

—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.— Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one-and-twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights.—I'll look into them: so giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches — “the coat I have on, said I, looking at the sleeve,

will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricassée'd chicken, so incontestibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *) *Droits d'aubaine*—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—port-manteau and all, must have gone to the King of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Ungenerous!—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast—by Heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sen-

*) All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot—the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.



timent and fine feelings, that I have to reason with—

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions—

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finished my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—said I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren

of us, fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompressed, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with. — In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life, performed it with so little friction, that it would have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine—

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overlet her creed.

The accession of that idea, carried Nature, at that time, as high as she could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself—

—Now, was I a King of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I Had scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant—*sed non quoad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know; which influence the tides themselves—'twould be of no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predeter-

mined not to give him a single souse, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something

beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of Intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his

look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single fous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the flock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them,

by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full, cheerfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it

in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hecick of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry — Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none — but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language—I consider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to reenter and gently ask

me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise—and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard, to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old *) *Desobligeant* in the farthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so I instantly got into

*) A Chaise, so called in France, from its holding but one person.

it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel—but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

PREFACE IN THE DESOBLIGEANT.

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetick philosopher, That Nature has set up, by her own unquestionable authority, certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has pro-

vided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden, which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits — but 'tis so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for, at their own price — his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large discount — and this, by the by, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party —

This brings me to my point; and natu-

rally leads me (if the see-saw of this *Desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient, as well as the final causes of travelling —

Your idle people that leave their native country, and go abroad, for some reason or reasons, which may be derived from one of these general causes —

Infirmity of body,

Imbecility of mind, or

Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity or spleen, subdivided and combined in *infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governours recommended by the magistrate, — or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governours recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number

is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers with a view of saving money for various reasons, and upon various pretences: but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble, by saving their money at home — and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following heads:

- Idle Travellers,
- Inquisitive Travellers,
- Lying Travellers,
- Proud Travellers,
- Vain Travellers,
- Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of Necessity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller.

The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,
And last of all (if you please)

The Sentimental Traveller,
(meaning thereby myself) who have travelled, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account—as much out of *Necessity*, and the *besoin de voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners; that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself—but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain Traveller*, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*.

It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that, with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue—it will be one step towards knowing himself; as it is great odds, but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatick for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know, that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success; however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vine-yard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor Traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but, whether useful knowledge and

real improvements, is all a lottery—and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety, to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself, to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive Traveller has measured, to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe, whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like musick in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing—But there is no nation under Heaven—and God is my

record, (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not speak it vauntingly—But there is no nation under Heaven, abounding with more variety of learning—where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won, than here—where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high—where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with—Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?—

—We are only looking at this chaise, said they—Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller*—what could occasion its motion.—'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *Desobligeant*.—It would have been better, said I, in a *Vis-à-Vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I Perceived that something darken'd the passage more than myself, as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Monf. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *Desobligeant*; and Monf. Dessein speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy that it belonged to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Monf. Dessein's honour, to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Monf. Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vamped-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adven-

tures—but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Monf. Dessein's coachyard. Much indeed was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

—Now, was I the master of this hotel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mr. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *Desobligeant*—it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it.—

Mon Dieu! said Monf. Dessein—I have no interest—Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Monf. Dessein, in their own sensations—I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits—You suffer, Monf. Dessein, as much as the machine—

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take it, or let

it alone: a Frenchman never is: *Monf. Dessein* made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he—But in this case, I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss: figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it—and returning *Monf. Dessein* his bow, without more casuistry we walk'd together towards his *Remise*, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to terminate

the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park-corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor sword's-man, and no way a match for Monsieur Dessein, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident—I looked at Monsieur Dessein through and through—ey'd him as he walk'd along, in profile—then, *en face*—thought he look'd like a Jew—then a Turk—disliked his wig—curst him by my gods—wished him at the devil—

—And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four louis-d'ors, which is the most I can be over-reached in?—Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment—base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee—Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the

monk—She had followed us unperceived—Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own—She had a black pair of silk gloves, open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve—and I led her up to the door of the Remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *disabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it opened; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand, almost without knowing it; so that Monsieur Dessein left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the Remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Mons. Dessein's leaving us, had been fatal to

the situation—she had infallibly turned about—so I begun the conversation instantly—

—But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour,—but to give an account of them)—shall be described with the same simplicity, with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *Desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed; something jarred upon it within me—I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the

understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains—I was certain she was of a better order of beings—however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned, upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits—

—Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!—

I had not yet seen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and, long before we had got to the door of the Remise, *Fancy* had finish'd the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the Tiber for it—But thou art a seduced and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it,

and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the Remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original—it was a face of about six-and-twenty—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wish'd to know what they had been—and was ready to inquire, (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Elsdas)—“*What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?*”—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolved some way or other to throw in my mite of courtesy—if not of service.

Such were my temptations—and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the Remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up as lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings: to take two utter strangers by their hands—of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and, in one moment, place them together in such a cordial situation, as Friendship herself could scarce have atchieved for them, had she projected it for a month.

—And your reflection upon it, shews how much, Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure—

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so: you

thank Fortune, continued she—you had reason—the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain, to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning, that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted. I was mortified with the loss of her hand; and the manner in which I had lost it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

—She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I

had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest—melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow. I pitied her from my soul; and though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart—I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me: she looked down—a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if she was going to withdraw hers—but as if she thought about it—and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the last resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release

it of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur Dessen returned with the key; and, in the mean time, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no—He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and pulling it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, some-

times recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few, who feel, to analyse—Excuse me, Madam, replied I—I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations.—'Tis impossible, said the lady.—My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seem'd not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—The lady oppos'd it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his; could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a

word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and, as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but be it as it would—he begg'd we might exchange boxes—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth; I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the jostlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he

abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I Had never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long,

that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips: the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now, the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we must be *man and wife*, at least; so, stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the Remise, the one of them, who was the inquisitive traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning?—I could only answer for myself, I said; and the lady added, she was for Amiens. We dined there yesterday, said the simple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, that *Amiens was in the road to Paris*; but upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn-box to take a pinch of snuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover—they left us alone—

—Now, where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion, and bad propensity in my nature, took the alarm, as I stated the proposition—It will oblige you to have a third horse, said **AVARICE**, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket—You know not who she is, said **CAUTION**, or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whisper'd **COWARDICE**—

Depend upon it, Yorick! said **DISCRETION**, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose.

—You can never after, cried **HYPOCRISY** aloud, shew your face in the world—or rise, quoth **MEANNESS**, in the church—or be any thing in it, said **PRIDE**, but a lousy prebendary.

But 'tis a civil thing, said I—and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant—I turn'd instantly about to the lady—

—But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walk'd with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand—with the slow, short-measur'd step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fix'd upon the ground, it struck me, she was trying the same cause herself.—God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartuffish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the process, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than by surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the Remise, whilst she walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of the better order of beings"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, "that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress"—I went no farther; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry—it brought on the idea of a farther separation—I might possibly never see her more—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself: in a word, I wish'd to know her name—

her family's — her condition; and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I formed a score different plans — There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly — the thing was impossible.

A little French *débonnaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me it was the easiest thing in the world; for, popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the Remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and, before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honour to present him to the lady — I had not been presented myself — so turning about to her, he did it just as well by asking her, if she had come from Paris? No: she was going that route, she said. — *Vous n'êtes pas de Londres?* — She was not, she replied. — Then Madam must have come through Flanders — *Apparemment vous êtes Flammande?* said the French captain — The lady answered,

She was. — *Peut-être de Lille?* added he—
She said, she was not of Lille. — Nor
Arras? — nor Cambray? — nor Ghent? —
Nor Brussels? She answered, she was of
Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be
at the bombardment of it last war—that
it was finely situated, *pour cela*—and
full of noblesse when the Imperialists were
driven out by the French—(the lady made
a slight courtesy)—so giving her an ac-
count of the affair, and of the share he
had had in it—he begg'd the honour to
know her name—so made his bow.

—*Et Madame a son Mari?* said he,
looking back when he had made two
steps—and, without staying for an an-
swer—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship
to good-breeding, I could not have done
as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us,
Monsieur Dessen came up with the key

of the Remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Monsieur Dessein open'd the door of the Remise, was another old tatter'd *Desobligeant*: and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: so Monsieur Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast; telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no farther than Paris, so were in all respects as good as new—They were too good—so I pass'd on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price. But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door

and getting in — Have the goodness, Madam, said Monsieur Dessen, offering his arm, to step in — The lady hesitated half a second, and stepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Monsieur Dessen, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies — *c'est bien comique*, said she —

— There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comick use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to — to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least — and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit

of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

—To think of making love by *senti-ments*!

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants:—and to do it—pop—at first sight by declaration—is submitting the offer and themselves with it, to be sifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, Madam, continued I, laying my hand upon her's—

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake—

That selfish people hate it for their own—

Hypocrites for Heaven's—

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frighten'd than hurt by the very report—

—What a want of knowledge in this

branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time, that his silence upon it becomes tormenting! A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm — nor so vague as to be misunderstood, — with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it — leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind —

Then, I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing — you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR Dessen came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady the Count de L —, her brother, was just arrived at the hotel. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot say that I rejoiced in my heart at the event — and could not help telling her so — for it is fatal to a proposal, Madam, said I, that I was going to make to you —

— You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me. — A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before —

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation — But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend — and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it. — If I had — (she stopped a moment) — I believe your good will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, and, with a look of sensibility mixed with a concern, she got out of the chaise — and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life: my time

seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady ; and knowing every moment of it would be as two , till I put myself into motion , I ordered post-horses directly , and walked towards the hotel.

Lord ! said I , hearing the town-clock strike four , and recollecting that I had been little more than , a single hour in Calais —

— What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing , and who , having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way , misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on ? —

— If this won't turn out something — another will — no matter — 'tis an essay upon human nature — I get my labour for my pains — 'tis enough — the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses , and the best part of my blood , awake , and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beerfsheba* , and cry , 'Tis all barren — and so it is ; and so is all the world to

him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that, was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections — If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to — I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection — I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris — from Paris to Rome — and so on — but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted — He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon — he was just coming out of it — *'Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit **),

**)* Vide Smollet's Travels.

said he — I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I — for, in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he spoke of moving accidents "by flood and field, and of the cannibals "which each other eat: the Anthropo- "phagi" — he had been flay'd alive, and bedevil'd — and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at —

— I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples—from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but Heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it—every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival—Nothing would the souls of Smellungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity.—I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and, was the happiest mansion in Heaven to be allotted to Smellungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smellungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's ask-

ing me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that that was the very thing.

A servant! That I do most sadly, quoth I—Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman.—But why an English one, more than any other?—They are so generous, said the landlord—I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night—But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur, added he—Set down one livre more for that, quoth I—It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois présentoit un écu à la fille de chambre—Tant pis, pour Mademoiselle Janatone*, said I.

Now, Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*—but, *tant mieux Tant mieux, toujours, Monsieur*, said he, when there is any thing to be got—*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the same

thing, said I. *Pardonnez-moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis, at our ambassador's table, demanded of Mr. H—, if he was H—the poet? No, said H— mildly—*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H—the historian, said another—*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis. And Mr. H—, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of—saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord deliver'd this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the

business I was upon — and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his services to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account — and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case — and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first — and then began to inquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them — besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now, poor La Fleur could do nothing

in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, "that the honour of "beating a drum was likely to be its own "reward, as it open'd no farther track "of glory to him" — he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu* — that is to say, upon nothing.

—And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of your's through France and Italy! Pfha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match—he is not ill off.—But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I.—*Qu'oui!*—he could make spatterdashies.

and play a little upon the fiddle—Bravo! said Wisdom—Why, I play a bass myself, said I—we shall do very well. You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world—It is enough for Heaven! said I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me—So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little farther in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate,

simple soul, as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and, notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper—it supplied all defects—I had a constant resource in his looks, in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger, or thirst, or cold, or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb—but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than

of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want

of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, "He is always in love."—I am heartily glad of it, said I—'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's elege, as my own, having been in love with one princefs or another almost all my life, and I hope I fhall go on fo, till I die, being firmly perfuaded, that, if ever I do a mean action, it muft be in fome interval betwixt one paffion and another; whilft this interregnum lafts, I always perceive my heart locked up—I can fcarce find in it to give Mifery a fixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as faft as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generofity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world either for, or with any one, if they will but fatisfy me there is no fin in it.

—But in faying this—furely I am commending the paffion—not myfelf.

A FRAGMENT.

—THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies and assassinations — libels, pasquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day—'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the *Andromeda* of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but, of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature, which the poet had wrought up in that pathetick speech of Perseus, *O Cupid, prince of Gods and men*, etc. Every man almost spoke pure iambicks the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perseus his pathetick address—“*O Cupid! prince of Gods and men*”—in every street of Abdera, in every house—“*O Cupid! Cupid!*”—in every mouth, like the natural notes

of some sweet melody which drop from it whether it will or no—nothing but “Cupid! Cupid! prince of Gods and men” — The fire caught — and the whole city, like the heart of one man, open’d itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore—not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death—Friendship and Virtue met together, and kiss’d each other in the street—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera — every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chafely sat her down and listen’d to the song—

’Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour’d by the adventure, there is always a matter to com-

pound at the door, before you can get into your chaise, and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "let them go to 'the devil'"—'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserales, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise: he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—They will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first publick act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux*

dames, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just Heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined—The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez en—prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch—Pity thy box should ever want one! said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it—taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it.—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first—'twas doing him an honour—the

other was only doing him a charity—and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and worn out to death in the service—here's a couple of sous for thee. *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left: so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et très-charitable Monsieur— There's no opposing this; said I.

My Lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave my last sous for it. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd ere he could have ask'd one for himself: he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days—Good God! said I—and I have not one

single sous left to give him—But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little, then: so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous bénisse—Et le bon Dieu vous bénisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, etc. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDE T.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little

bidet *), and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs) — he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince —

— But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life! A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career — his *bidet* would not pass by it — a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, *Diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his *bidet*, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The *bidet* flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again — then this way — then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead ass. — La Fleur insisted upon the thing — and the *bidet* threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, said I.

*) Post-horse.

with this bidet of thine?—*Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I—so La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scamper'd back to Montrui—*Peste!* said La Fleur.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that though La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter—namely, *Diablo!* and *Peste!* that there are nevertheless three in the French language; like the positive, comparative and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diablo! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations—such as—the throwing one's doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horse, and so forth—cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—*Le Diablo!*

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the

bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second degree.

'Tis then, *Peste!*
And for the third—

—But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it—

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress!—what ever is my cast, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

—But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes till it was got out of sight—and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frigh-

ten'd horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative but taking La Fleur either behind the chaise, or into it.

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nam-

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASSES.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me—I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone-bench at the door, with the ass's pannel, and its bridle on one side, which he took

up from time to time — then laid them down — look'd at them and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand — then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle — looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made — and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seem'd desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having, in one week, lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being

bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alfo, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his ftory, he ftopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He faid, Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had fet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the fame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who flood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner faid, he did not want it—it was not the value of the afs—but the lofs of him.—The afs, he faid, he was affured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long ftory of a mifchance upon their paffage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time, the afs had fought him as much as he had fought the afs, and that

they had neither scarce eat or-drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him. — Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive — but now that he is dead, I think otherwise. — I fear, the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him — they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for. — Shame on the world! said I to myself — Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass — 'twould be something. —

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention; the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy de-

sert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.—On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him, as loud as I could, for Heaven's sake to go slower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.—The deuce take him and his galloping too—said I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myself, for being so.

My case then required a different treat-

ment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me. —

Then, prithee, get on — get on, my good lad, said I.

The postillion pointed to the hill — I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass — but I had broke the clew — and could no more get into it again, than the postillion could into a trot. —

—The deuce go, said I, with it all! Here am I sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which Nature holds out to us: so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was *Amiens*.

—Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes — this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIE NS.

THE words were scarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s post-

chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition—and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which, she said, she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to Madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story—that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lie through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of Madame de L***—that Madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels—'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it ten thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the

sickenings incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer? to see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her?

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be, almost every hour of it, miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before — swearing as I did it, that it should last me through the whole journey — Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity — she had a right to my whole heart — to divide my affections, was to lessen them

to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk, there may be loss:— and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence— so good, so gentle and unrepublishing!

— I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself — but my imagination went on — I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black ribbon about my neck — and blush'd as I look'd at it — I would have given the world to have kiss'd it — but was ashamed. And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands — shall it be smitten to its very root — and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground — be thou my witness — and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, That I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

. In transports of this kind, the heart,

in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry — and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service, from the time he had entered into it, which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burn'd with impatience; and the Count de L***'s servant's coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offer'd, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s servant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon

set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre-d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the household, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a-dancing: I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaded himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L***, on the part of his master—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health—told her, that Monsieur his master was *au désespoir* for her re-establishment.

from the fatigues of her journey — and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honour — And he has done me the honour, said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectations — he trembled for my honour — and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en égards vis-à-vis d'une femme!* so that when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter — *O qu'oui*, said La Fleur: so, laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right — then contrary-wise — *Diable!* then sought every pocket, — pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob — *Peste!* — then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor — pulled out a dirty cravat — a handkerchief — a comb — a whip-lash —

a night-cap — then gave a peep into his hat — *Quelle étourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge — he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if Monsieur had forgot, (*par hazard*) to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas* — and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now, I was not altogether sure of my *étiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had — a devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and, however he might have mistook the road — or embarrassed me in so doing — his heart was in no fault — I was under no necessity to write — and, what weighed more than all — he did not look as if he had done amiss.

— 'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I — 'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out

of the room like lightening, and return'd with pen, ink and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun, and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been express'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short, I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stepp'd out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink — then fetched sand and seal-wax — It was all one; I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again — *Le Diable l'emporte!* said I half to myself — I cannot write this self-same letter; throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour — Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in question — *La voilà*, said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis pénétré de la douleur la plus vive, et réduit en même-tems au désespoir par ce retour imprévu du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est rien sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se désespérer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte la garde mercredi: alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun a son tour.

En attendant — Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, MADAME,

avec tous les sentimens les
plus respectueux et les
plus tendres, tout à vous,
JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count — and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday — and the letter was neither right or wrong — so, to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter — I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way — I seal'd it up and sent him with it to Madame de L*** — and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry all on floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks — 'tis very well in such a place as Paris — he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it — I say, *up into it* — for there is no descending perpendicular amongst 'em with a "*Me voici! mes enfans!*" — here I am — whatever many may think.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue and green, running at the ring of pleasure. — The old with broken lances,

and in helmets which had lost their vizards.— the young in armour bright which shone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the east — all — all tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love. —

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom — seek — seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau shot its rays — there thou may'st solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *griffet* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries! —

—May I perish! if I do, said I pulling out a letter which I had to present to Madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady, the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly — and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend! said I, this buckle won't stand. — You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand—

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—The utmost stretch of an English periwigmaker's ideas could have gone no farther than to have “dipped it into a pail of water.”—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the

French sublime in this instance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt, the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Parisian barber meant nothing.—

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech—but 'twill be said—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it, without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiae*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to chuse amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my

barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account; so taking down the name of the Hôtel de Modene, where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opera comique*:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work—

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disorder-

ed by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of raffles as she sat in a low chair, on the far side of the shop, facing the door—

—*Très-volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be so good as to take the second—then go down a little way, and you'll see a church; and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross—and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to show you—

She repeated her instructions three times

over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first;—and, if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out—she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes,—and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot.—Is it possible! said she, half laughing.—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—*Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. — So I walk'd in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

—He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment — And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperance; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist),

I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery—

—Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-fical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession!—and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations “in this world *than feeling a woman's “pulse.”*—But a Grisset's! thou wouldst have said—and in an open shop! Yorick—

—So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

*THE HUSBAND.**PARIS.*

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpectedly from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score—Monfieur is so good, quoth she as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse—The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour—and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out—and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few, who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one

flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes, from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monfieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot—

—Surely—surely, man! it is not good

for thee to sit alone—thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected—She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves—*A propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Griffet rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her; they were all too large. The beautiful Griffet measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions—She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least—She held it open—my hand slipp'd into it at once—It will

not do, said I, shaking my head a little—
No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it—it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful Griffet look'd sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves—and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I follow'd her example: so I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her—and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—she had a quick black eye, and shot

through two such long and filken eyelashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins—It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did—

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful Griffet had not ask'd above a single livre above the price—I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about—Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy?—*M'en croyez-vous capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome—So counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

*THE TRANSLATION.**PARIS.*

THERE was nobody in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation, by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the opera, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spec-

tacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, return'd them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this:

“Here's a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody; and is never likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose —'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German.”

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud; and if he had, I should, in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, “I was sensible of his attention, and return'd him a thousand thanks for it.”

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically.

that when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di F*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too; so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side, to get out: I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again—We both flew together to the other side, and then back—and so on:—it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did, at last, the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and fol-

low her with my eye to the end of the passage — She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather side-ways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her; — No, said I — that's a vile translation: the Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chichestee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure—Upon my word, Madam, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter—I wish to Heaven you would make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, said she, making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me

home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of that translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*—and that was, the unaccountable sport of Nature, in forming such numbers of dwarfs—No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera*

comique with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it—Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little—the face extremely dark—the eyes quick—the nose long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to see so many miserales, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down—every third man a pigmy!—some by rickety heads and hump backs—others by bandy legs—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees, from the first rudiments and flamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a splenetick one, to want of air—and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoise* eat and sleep to-

gether; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, said he—'tis getting nothing—Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty, or five and twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said upon it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Caroufal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which

ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty — Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the parterre, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust some how or other into this luckless place, — the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing

which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress. — The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little hornbox—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear*!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer, seeing me lift

up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife.—The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury, sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party: I could have leaped out of the box, to have redressed it—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress—the centinel made his way up to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands to-

gether — And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

— In England, dear Sir, said I, *we fit all at our ease*.

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance, — by saying it was a *bon mot* — and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer, “what was the matter?” for a cry of “*Hauffez les mains, Mon-sieur l’Abbé,*” re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor Abbé in one of the upper loges, who he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of griffets, in order to see the opera, and that the *parterre* espying him, were

insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.—And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastick would pick the Griffet's pockets? The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of—

Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment—is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment, should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves—*Quelle grossièreté!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the *Tartuffe* was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothick manners, was declining—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossièretés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns—that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want. *Le POUR, et le CONTRE se trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, said he, of good and bad every where; and nothing

but the knowing it is so, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *savoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object—'twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before—I have as little torment of this kind, as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush'd at many a word the first month—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women, Madame de Rambouillet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, Madame de Rambouillet desired me to pull the cord—I asked her if she wanted any thing—*Rien que pour piffer*, said Madame de Rambouillet.

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let Madame de Rambouillet p—fs on—And, ye fair mystick nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path—for Madame de Rambouillet did no more—I handed Madame de Rambouillet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

End of the first Volume.